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NOVEMBER.

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*ἔνθα βουλαι μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμύλλαι  
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῦσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.*

CONDUCTED  
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THE  
*Glossan Literary Magazine.*

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TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

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FIRST PRIZE ESSAY BY C. R. WILLIAMS, OF N. Y.. '75.

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Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Liberator of Hayti, was born in the year 1743. His parents were both of pure African blood. His father, Gaou-Guinou, who is said to have been the son of an African King, was brought from his native land. He became the property of the Count of Noë, who placed him upon the plantation, Breda, near Cap François. Here Toussaint was born and passed his life, while a slave. From the name of the plantation, he was known as Toussaint Breda, while in early life he gained the nickname "Little Lath," from his slenderness.

The first work which was required of Toussaint was to watch the flocks. But when he grew older, the overseer, M. Bayou, perceiving his intelligence and fidelity, made him his coachman, and finally advanced him to an important trust, in connection with the sugar manufactory of the estate.

Toussaint had before this learned how to read and write from a fellow slave. Now he had the opportunity to spend

some time in self-improvement. His leisure moments were passed in reading. He obtained possession of the "*Histoire Philosophique des deux Indes*." In this Raynal paints, in glowing colors, the injustice and inhumanity of slavery, and declares that "one day a black shall appear, who will be commissioned to avenge his outraged race." On reading this, Toussaint is said to have exclaimed: "Raynal is the prophet of myself!"

But still he remains seemingly contented with his lot. Time creeps on: more than fifty years of his life have come and gone, and Toussaint is still a slave. Raynal, hast thou prophesied in vain? Ah, no! "The mills of the gods grind slowly," yet now, they are beginning to turn. The heavens grow dark with threatening clouds, and the tempest of war and devastation will soon break forth with terrific violence. Thy black, O Raynal, will soon appear!

There had sprung up in Hayti a third class in society. The masters were licentious; the negresses were their submissive victims. Hence resulted a mongrel race, neither whites nor blacks, who became known as "men of color." Their numbers had become great; their resources and influence extensive. But neither wealth nor virtues could obtain for them social estimation. Petty but annoying rules were enforced to maintain the distinction between them and the whites; and galled by these, despising the negroes, hating the "*petits blancs*," standing in awe of the planters, the men of color were a hot-bed of dissatisfaction, and disorder. To this turbulent class, the French Assembly, after much solicitation, granted in 1790, an equal right with the whites to appear in the colonial assemblies. The planters refused to yield them this. The French Assembly insisted upon its decree. The planters put themselves in open revolt to the mother country, and prepared to assert their independence. Then, as a last resort, the men of color appealed for aid to the blacks. The terrible uprising of the 21st of Aug.

1791 was the result. The slaves raged like maniacs; the ground was red with the blood of their masters; conflagration and desolation marked their path; free sway was given their brutalized passions, and a very reign of terror was begun.

Toussaint took no part in the massacre of the colonists; but soon after that, having first conducted the family of the overseer to a place of safety, he joined the insurrectionists.

The blacks were at this time led by three chiefs; Jean François, intelligent but of little courage; Biassou, vindictive and furious, and Jeannot, cowardly and cruel. By these Toussaint was at first invested with the title, "Physician of the Armies of the King," but soon, his intelligence and valor made him aide-de-camp to Biassou.

The commission sent by France was unavailing in its efforts to secure peace. There was a temporary lull, and then the storm swept on.

When the news reached the island that Louis XVI. had been beheaded, the blacks gave up all hopes of peace. Naturally inclined to monarchy, they passed over into the service of the king of Spain. Their arms were now directed against the commissioners of the Republic. In the conflict which ensued, Toussaint, who had become Brig. Gen., distinguished himself by his vigorous and successful campaign against Brandicourt, by which a whole army, and several important posts fell into his hands.

The island was now in a terrible state of disorder; French and Spanish, negroes and mulattoes, were all warring with one another in purposeless and bloody strife.

The Commissioners attempted to win Toussaint to the cause of the Republic, by offering him specious propositions. But Toussaint's wish and aim was the ultimate freedom of the blacks, and his duty to this cause seemed to require him to remain under Spanish colors. When, however, the French Assembly had passed the decree of Feb. 4th, 1794,

proclaiming the freedom of the slaves; and the French Gen. Laveaux, had made him a distinct offer, Toussaint was persuaded that an alliance with France would hasten the consummation of his desires; and, on the 8th of May, he threw aside the Spanish flag, and hoisted the colors of the Republic wherever he was in command. Having taken this step he labored with all his energy to bring all classes to his views. His success was wonderful. Seeing the influence he exerted everywhere Laveaux exclaimed: "*Mais cet homme fait ouverture partout!*" and from this, L'Ouverture became part of his name.

The war now became a struggle for peace. Toussaint must restore internal harmony and confidence, and foreign foes must be chased from his distracted and bleeding country. He attacks Jean François, the hireling of Spain, and routs him from every stronghold; and, then, he turns against a nobler foe.

In the very beginning of the war the planters had appealed to the English for help. And they, always willing to strike a blow at France, and fancying that they might, perchance, come in between the contestants, and carry off the spoil, had dispatched an armament to unhappy Hayti. A landing was effected with little or no trouble, and until now Fortune had smiled upon the English troops, and they had been steadily gaining in territory. But, now, an enemy worthy of their steel is whetting his sword against them. Toussaint raises and equips armies. Thrills them with visions of the happy days to come, and, infusing into them some degree of his own intensified love of liberty, places himself at their head and goes forth "conquering and to conquer." The British were repulsed again and again:

The king of Spain ceded to France his right in Hayti. Then, the English determined to make a last effort to secure the island. A new army and fleet was sent forth under able officers. Toussaint, who was now associated with Laveaux

in the government of Hayti, and whose popularity and influence were unbounded, met the English as they landed, and compelled them to re-embark, leaving behind their baggage and munitions; and, then, elated with success, carried on the campaign so vigorously that the English were forced to surrender city after city until few were left them.

In April, 1797, after the departure of Laveaux for France, Southonax, the French agent, declared Toussaint commander-in-chief of the armies of Saint Domingo.

The power of the British had been broken, and they prepared to evacuate the island. Hédouville, the agent, who succeeded Southonax, ignoring Toussaint, prepared to treat with the English. Toussaint was displeased, took matters into his own hands, and received from Maitland, the English commander, the capitulation of the cities which had not yet surrendered.

The war was now at a close; and Toussaint retired to an estate in the valley of the Artibonite, and directed his energies to healing internal dissensions, and restoring prosperity among all classes. He persuaded the planters to resume their estates, and declared that the negroes should remain, on merely nominal terms, for five years with their former masters.

The wise policy of Toussaint was displeasing to Hédouville. He grew jealous of Toussaint's increasing popularity, while his own power kept waning. He began to incite the men of color against Toussaint. The blacks became uneasy and attacked the Cape. Hédouville took refuge on a ship, and, having published a proclamation appealing to the prejudices and jealousies of the mulattoes, set sail for France.

Toussaint addressed a letter of justification to the Directory of the French Republic. The Directory declared itself satisfied with the wisdom and patriotism of his policy.

The efforts which Hédouville had made to produce dissension between the men of color and the blacks, soon took

effect. Rigaud, the leader of the former, resigned his command in the army, and hastened to his home in the South where lived the most of the men of color. Armies were raised. Hostilities begun. Most furious and bloody war was abroad in the land once more. Forlorn Hayti was drenched and reeking with blood. Rigaud gave no quarter. It was war to the knife.

But Toussaint, who had done so much, was not now to be defeated by a mulatto. He swept with his victorious army through the length of the land, and had sat down to the siege of Cayes in the summer of 1800, when a deputation arrived from Bonaparte, who had made himself first Consul, bringing a constitution to the island, confirming Toussaint in the office of Commander-in-chief, and recalling Rigaud to France. The war was thereupon brought to a close without further bloodshed.

Every obstacle in the way of the freedom of the blacks was now removed. Toussaint had vindicated that freedom against the Colonists, the Spanish, the English, the men of color, the French representatives, and in a measure against blacks themselves.

Toussaint proclaimed a general amnesty, declared his "work accomplished," and established peace upon a firm foundation. Considering Roume, the French agent, unfaithful to France and the cause of liberty, in his policy toward Spanish Hayti, Toussaint arrested him, and having placed him in confinement, entered Santo Domingo and took possession of it in the name of the French Republic. Then, leaving his brother in command, he returned into French Hayti, and applied himself with energy to the restoration of prosperity and happiness among all classes of society. As Governor of the island he assumed great state. When he appeared in public he was attended by a retinue of nearly 2,000 men gorgeously apparellèd and equipped. Yet he was temperate and simple in his home-life. Under



the influence of the confidence which he inspired, the lands began again to be cultivated; churches were rebuilt; schools were opened; thrift and comfort were every where visible.

That this happy condition of the island might be rendered permanent, Toussaint considered that it was necessary to establish a constitution suited to the wants and habits of the people. Accordingly, he assembled a council of nine,—all whites, save one,—and instructed them to draft a constitution. This was done. It was laid before him in May 1801. He approved it; and it was provisionally promulgated to the great joy of all. In this he was named Governor for life, with power to choose a successor; and religious toleration and free trade were distinctly proclaimed. All was subject to the final approval of France; and Toussaint dispatched Gen. Vincent with a copy of it, and a letter to Napoleon asking his approval. It reached France at an unfortunate time. Bonaparte had long been watching with displeasure and jealousy the rising distinction and power of Toussaint. The peace of Amiens had just been concluded. There were thousands of brave Republican troops who might prove a hindrance to his scheme for universal power. He wished to send them away. When Vincent arrived with the constitution the necessary pretext was afforded. "He is a revolted slave whom we must punish: the honor of France is outraged," said Bonaparte. And in Dec. 1801, he dispatched a vast army and powerful fleet under Leclerc, his brother-in-law, to reduce Hayti, peaceful and loyal then.

Meanwhile, news reached Hayti, that Bonaparte had declared that the colonies should be restored to the same condition they had occupied previously to 1789. The subsequent exception of Hayti was manifestly a temporary measure.

The air was filled with forebodings. A mighty army was on its way to restore a nation to slavery. Though

filled with doubts and fears, Toussaint could not believe that France was coming on so terrible a mission. He calmed the people by issuing a proclamation; yet, at the same time, he did not hesitate to say in conversation: "Our liberty is our own, we will defend it or perish."

The French armament appeared off Hayti in Feb. 1802. The peace it pretended to bring to a peaceful and loyal province, was belched upon the land from the mouth of the cannon. Cities were commanded to surrender to the power, which, by the proclamations it carried in its hand, had come only to afford them peace and protection.

The French soon made themselves masters of the important coast towns. But they gained, with barely an exception, only heaps of ashes! For when resistance became longer futile, the blacks applied the torches to their own homes, and retreated in the glare of their burning treasures.

Leclerc tried to persuade Toussaint to lay down his arms by sending to him his sons,—who had been in France in school, and had been brought back with the army,—with letters of mingled threats and adulation from Bonaparte. Toussaint was to be caught by no such shallow device. His duty to his people was his controlling motive. Stern as a Roman, he bade his sons choose between himself and France. One declared for France, the other for his father.

The war continued. The French were usually victors, but their victories were empty and gained at great loss. The blacks kept their mountain fastnesses from which they sallied forth to meet the French in some defile, where they fought them with undaunted valor. At this rate the war would last indefinitely. Leclerc tried another tack. Christophe and Dessalines, Toussaint's best generals, were won to himself, by promises of great rewards and honor, and an assurance that the liberty of the blacks should be inviolable. Leclerc then addressed Toussaint, proposing that Toussaint

remain Governor of the Island; that his troops become part of the French army in the same rank as before; and, most of all, swearing in the face of high Heaven to respect the liberty of the people of Hayti. The last was all Toussaint had ever fought for. He accepted the proposition, but desired the favor of living in retirement. During their conversation, Leclerc asked Toussaint where he would have obtained arms to continue the war? Toussaint answered like a Spartan: "I would have taken yours!"

This was in April 1802. Toussaint retired to Eanery and settled down to quiet life; striving, however, to better the condition of all in his vicinity, and entertaining many guests.

But only the first step had been taken in the object for which the army had been sent to Hayti. Slavery was to be restored. This could never be done Napoleon well knew while Toussaint was in the island. "The first of the blacks" and "the first of the whites" were often compared. It galled him. Toussaint must be removed. Leclerc laid his plans: stories were set in circulation against Toussaint; and on the 7th of June 1802, in a most perfidious and dastardly manner, he was taken prisoner. On the following day his whole family was arrested with many indignities. They were all placed on board the *Hero*, which immediately set sail for France. During the voyage he was allowed no intercourse with his family, and on reaching port, was forced to bid them a final adieu. He arrived in Paris on the 17th of Aug., and thence, without any interview with Bonaparte or his ministers, and with no explanation, he was taken to the castle of Joux, in the Jura mountains, where he was confined in the dungeon and kept upon scanty prison fare. His hope was still a trial. He addressed letter after letter to Napoleon, begging for justice. They were all unavailing. Bonaparte's only communication with him, was the sending

of an aide-de-camp, to find out where he had buried his treasures! Bonaparte had decided upon his death. His meager supply of food was made still smaller, at the express command of Napoleon. The Governor of the castle went upon a visit, and left him unattended for several days. When he returned and entered the dungeon, Toussaint was dead!—starved to death, and the mice had gnawed his feet! Doctors were sent to examine him, and it was published to the world that he died of apoplexy. The world might think so for a time,

“ But truth shall conquer at the last,  
For round and round we run,  
And ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.”

Thus, in the early April of 1803, passed away in the gloom and cold of the dungeon of Joux, Toussaint L'Ouverture. A man whose epitaph might fitly have been: “He did what he could.”

Born in slavery and for more than fifty years a slave, yet, his is

“ One of the few the immortal names  
That were not born to die.”

That he was ambitious can not be denied. But that he was influenced by an improper ambition, may be seriously questioned. His ambition was to secure freedom to his enslaved people, and to this did he devote his life. A crown was offered him upon several occasions but

“ He forged no sceptre from the links, when he had crushed the chain.”

Dissimulation, but without sufficient reason, is sometimes said to have been the foundation of his character. He had no confidants. No one knew his designs. He was all sufficient unto himself. Of strong physical nature, he was everywhere when most needed and least expected. His soldiers regarded him as a superior being; his officers, even the fierce Dessalines, trembled in his presence.

He is said to have been harsh and cruel sometimes, yet he was of gentle and kindly disposition, and was always deeply religious. The interests of the church were attended to upon every occasion with jealous care. His soldiers were called to prayer night and morning when it was practicable.

His faults were few, his virtues were many. His advantages were slight, his genius was wonderful. His task was arduous, his success was triumphant. His birth was that of a slave, his death was that of a martyr. His name has become a household word. Well might we say, Toussaint, thou canst never die while men love liberty.

The verses of Wordsworth are verified :

“Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth and skies,—  
There’s not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee : thou hast great allies.  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man’s unconquerable mind.”

### THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Frail yellow leaf, to me the sad winds bore thee,  
And in thy voicelessness,  
Thou tellest me a sweeter, sadder story,  
Than my soul can express ;  
I see in thee the fading of Life’s glory  
To nothingness !

Again I see thee in the spring-time flutter  
So airily ;—thy youth.  
I hear the cooing sighs which thou dost mutter  
The wooing wind ;—forsooth,  
Thou little thought’st that thou wouldst one day utter  
To me God’s truth ?

In summer-time I see thee, lovelier moulded,  
     Kissed by the warm wind's breath :  
 And now, when all the summer months are folded,  
     And autumn languisheth,  
 Once green, pale leaf, I see thee grimly golded  
     By touch of death !  
 Ah, yellow leaf, to night I'm sweetly saddened  
     By thy unspoken speech ;  
 Yet sometimes I am bitterliest maddened  
     By that which thou dost teach,  
 And wonder if by it e'er soul were gladdened,—  
     Death comes to each !  
 I'll store thee safe among my choicest treasures,  
     For thou art sacred : thou  
 Shalt waken in my heart the saddest measures,  
     Which e'er my heart may trow,  
 And often shalt thou fill my thinking leisure,  
     As thou dost now.

W.

## FREE THOUGHT.

AN ORATION DELIVERED AT THE PRELIMINARY INTER-COLLEGIATE  
 CONTEST BY MR. SAMUEL M. MILLER, PHILA., PA.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

One of the facts, I had almost said the fact, best verified  
 by experience and observation is the "imperishable  
 change," as Shelley calls it, everywhere visible in nature's  
 operations. The rule is an universal one ; lies at the very  
 basis of her existence. Her very stagnant waters are alive  
 with motion, swarming with life. The ceaseless transfor-  
 mations of the earth's crust ; the unending revolutions of

the heavenly bodies ; the incessant succession of seed-time and harvest, of summer and winter, of day and night are pregnant with unutterable meaning and eloquent of continual progression.

This rule, so unexceptional in nature, has its unerring application to society and man. However much man and nature may seem to differ ; however much unlike mind and matter may appear, they are formed on one plan and sustained by the same laws ; laws more subtle here, more gross there ; more complete here, more simple there, but still the same. For if there is one thing truer than another in God's dealings with men and in the system of nature, it is that grand principle of unity in variety. "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs."

"One increasing purpose." Consider well the words. The Tree of Knowledge has its leaves and twigs, and branches and trunk. This branch is Geology, and that Ethics ; this Political Economy, and that *Æsthetics* ; this great limb is matter, and that mind ; God, the life-giver, is at the root sustaining and nourishing. But what is the trunk ? Ah ! it is very dark there, and all the streams of light cast upon it cannot dispel the brooding darkness. Yes, *there* is the great unity, though to man's eye it lies, as yet, unrevealed. This is the Sphinx-puzzle that the ages have been yearning to solve. Will not God allow us to solve it ? Time alone can answer.

And now, bearing in mind this principle of ceaseless change in nature and society let me speak to you briefly on the subject of Free Thought.

Free Thought, in a general sense, is the free and unfettered use of the intellect : technically it means daring to doubt generally received beliefs and opinions. In either sense it is a divine right of man. A man is a base coward, disgraces his manhood, if he is afraid to stand up and say : God gave me a mind of my own ; God made me a free agent ;

I will think for myself, and the results of my conscientious thoughts shall be my life-standard. No custom shall bind me merely because it is hackneyed; no creed shall call me believer merely because it is old; no statements will I accept as truths merely because they are statements. If they are to be my guides, I myself, and none other, must decide upon them.

There is an absolute necessity for the exercise of this power on the part of *some* men: a necessity produced by that great principle of endless change. No knowledge is final. "*Savoir c'est se contredire.*" No science can ever attain to complete perfection. The results reached by one generation are sifted, and rejected or amplified by the next. Each age lays a foundation for the next to build upon. What one century judged to be the whole truth, is but partial truth to the next.

"Thou hast not gained a real height,  
Nor art thou nearer to the light,  
Because the scale is infinite."

Sad thoughts must have come to a Newton, a Davy, or a Faraday when they gauged their own brilliant work by such a scale. But "the individual withers, and the world is more and more."

To the world that "infinite scale" is a grand spur to fresh effort and new conquest, as the index finger moves slowly, but surely up. Ceaseless change is the world-cry. Every science is progressive—theology too. With each searching revision of the text, that Bible, that "book of books," gives us a grander conception of its endless stores of wisdom, of holiness, of purity, of mercy, and of truth. And with our increasing knowledge of the Bible—as old errors are erased—our creeds must change, and our theology advance.

And now what brings about all this change? What has been the great factor of all this nineteenth century



civilization and prosperity? I answer confidently, free thought. It has dragged us from Hottentot huts, and squalor, and ignorance, and bestiality, to this mountain height of intelligence, christian wisdom, commercial prosperity, and national and social liberty. I fall back upon experience and history to prove my words. Who introduced the Christian religion? Our Saviour. He, in his relation to the Jewish world, was but a free-thinker.

Who was the author of the great Reformation—Luther. He by the church of the sixteenth century was branded a free-thinker. And as free-thinkers these great ones were denounced and persecuted, and one crucified 'mid mockery and insult.

Ah! you say but these free-thinkers were right thinkers, fearless advocates of eternal truths. Were they so to the men with whom they lived? No: far otherwise. Only long experience and history enable you to sit in judgment over them. I apply the same reasoning to Strauss, Renan, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer and ask you—how you know that their teachings, though often erroneous, will not effect many changes in our present creeds.

There are always two sides to a question, and all men are prejudiced in one way or another. Who shall sit behind the judgment bar? Naught, but the calm voice of future ages can decide upon their merits. Let me distinctly repeat. I say that no prophet is received in his own country, or age. The philosophic voice of history is the only judge whose opinions are final, and before whom all these great "contested cases" must be tried.

Let us fully appreciate the influence of free thought. The debt which the Bible and Science owe to it is unspeakable. Its work in behalf of civilization cannot be told. It has ever stirred up the world's stagnant waters. Let it never be said of this enlightened age as Byron did of his own, that

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“Opinion’s an omnipotence—  
 Whose veil mantles the earth with darkness until right  
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale  
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright  
 And their free-thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.”

I have dwelt thus at length on the virtues and necessity of free thought because its use and influence have in many places been undervalued, in some places, outraged.

But free thought, like machinery, would finally run itself and all connected with it into wreck and anarchy, were it not for a governor. The impelling power is an all-important, indispensable factor: without it nothing could be accomplished; but alone and unrestricted, its work would be most direfully impracticable and revolutionary. Unless equalized and subdued in its action by conservatism it would most probably run to waste in crafty sophisms and useless, unsettling, subtleties of thought.

The grand goal of all human progress is Truth, and it is only by the united action and interaction of Free Thought and Conservatism—Free Thought rushing forwards, Conservatism holding back—that that goal can ever be reached.

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### LONELINESS.

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My room seemed dark and desolate,  
 The winds moaned thro' the trees,  
 And bitterly and sullenly  
 Roared far and loud the seas.

The stars had vanished from the sky,  
 And Luna gave no proof;  
 The dull rain pattered dismally  
 Upon the heavy roof.

I leaned my head upon my hand,  
My thoughts would backward wing,  
And gaze upon the joys and griefs  
Which filled me in life's spring.

I paced the floor, and when I thought  
On present hopes and fears,  
My heart leapt up into my throat,  
Mine eyes ran o'er with tears!

C.

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### A GLIMPSE AT THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

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It was one afternoon the latter part of June that our party, three in number, forded the Red River at Old Kiamatia in the Territory, and rode out upon the only soil which the Indian can, with any semblance of truth, claim as his own. We were bound for Fort Smith on the Arkansas River, and had chosen the most unknown and untraveled route across the *Nation*. After wending our way out of the river bottom proper, we emerged upon a scene which can never be forgotten by any one who has looked upon it with any degree of appreciation. Before us lay one of the veritable western prairies. To those who have never ridden over one, words can convey no adequate description of the feelings inspired on beholding these oceans of the far west. The glassy level of the Atlantic on a quiet day approaches nearest to it, but is at the same time a totally different sight. Grass several feet high covers it as far as the eye can reach. Away to the left several small droves of horses and cattle graze peacefully, while in the distance some random horseman gallops out of view. We rode through this waving grass with a sense of freedom and unconstrained enjoyment which can be felt no where else. After some

ten miles had been rapidly traversed we crossed a creek and rode up to a small hut, or straw covered building, around which several gayly dressed natives lazily lounged. This is *Caffres Station*, and here we will spend the night, sleeping in the yard on our blankets and with our saddles for pillows. After *lariat*ing our horses, I walked some distance across the creek and out into the edge of the prairie we had crossed.

The sun was just disappearing into the grassy sea to the west. There is something strangely impressive in beholding the luminary sink down into this western prairie, while "all the air a solemn stillness holds," and one for the first time appreciates the phenomenon of which poets sing,—Nature is quietly going to sleep. We may have often seen him disappear over the smoky hills and mountains of the East, we may have unconsciously passed from sunlight to gaslight in the hum of the city, without once thinking there is such a thing as day fading into night, or we may have looked with admiration as his parting rays gild the summits of the blue Adirondacks, but never before have we felt that sacred quiet and hush which seems to attend this first sunset on the prairies. The glories and beauties of the East, her mountains and her streams, her dashing waterfalls and secluded glens, her quiet nooks of Summer and the teeming haunts of worn out worldlings—all these have been the subjects of the artist's brush and the poet's pen; but who has described the scenery of the West? As we gaze out upon this vast plain with the last gleams of daylight yielding to the sombre grey of twilight, the cheap admiration which would elsewhere rise to our lips, sinks back abashed, and we feel irresistibly our inability to touch the theme.

There may be a grandeur in beetling crags and hoary mountains, a beauty in jewelled cascades and curling waves, a terror in the roaring surf and thundering ocean, but there is something far sweeter, more beautiful, awe-inspiring and

sublime in this quiet nightfall on the plains. Silence alone can express one's thoughts; in this scene, as in some poems, there is a thoughtful, subdued feeling which overflows in quiet beauty.

Our night was passed in the hunter's bivouac; viz. on the lap of mother earth, with the "upper deeps" above us. Our course the next morning was through the same prairie which we had entered the night before. If sunset is beautiful, sunrise is equally so. One partakes more of the sublime, the other of the beautiful. To the South, far away in the morning mists was the river we had passed the evening before, its heavy timber looking like a blue line on the horizon. To the east, almost invisible by distance, was the faint outline of the chain of mountains which runs the whole width of the Territory to the Arkansas, far North. To the West the prairie stretched to the horizon, its tall grass glistening with dew-drops in the morning sun. To the North the same prairie rolled away, grander and more beautiful than any ocean in the world. But away to the Northwest, having the same blue appearance which covers every object at this early hour, rise three cone-shaped hills, one of them terraced as if by human hands, and all having a wonderfully regular outline. These are the *Caddo Hills*, around which cluster many romantic legends, told even yet by the warriors whose days of fighting are over, and who bewail very justly the degeneracy of their race.

At an early hour in the forenoon an Indian who accompanied us, pointed, with the characteristic national grunt, to an object dimly seen to the North. After half an hour's ride, it presented the appearance of a man of the ordinary size, even at this distance. He was seemingly dressed in a soldier's costume, with his gun by his side. It was a striking figure at first sight, and as we constantly neared it in our day's travel, it became more remarkable yet, until when near nightfall we arrived within a mile or

two of it, it was the outline of a giant soldier, such as might have stepped out of some old German Tale. There was something absolutely oppressive in the thoughts which came over one as he gazed at this motionless figure. We gleaned from our companion the history of this wonderful object. This was Sentinel Rock, called in the language of the natives, *Tushka Chipota Nunih Wishakchi*. The Giant Image is placed upon a ledge or cliff jutting out from a spur of the mountains before mentioned, and overhanging the plain which is spread out for miles below it. It seems inaccessible by any visible approach. This stupendous monument, for monument it may be called, is constructed out of rough rocks piled upon each other so as to give the shape of a man with a soldier's cap and gun. Here a Louisiana soldier was buried by his comrades during the late war, and their loving hands erected this grand mausoleum to his memory. Grand it is: there is a beauty in sculptured marble, and a faultless grace in the forms which grow under the practiced chisel; there is a natural fire and kindly expression in the plastic clay; but there is a sublimity in this unhewn and uncarved statue—in this memorial raised by the rude hands of wandering soldiers, which I have never felt before the canvas or the sculpture of the most renowned and peerless artists.

Here he stands, a Sentinel on the Prairie. The winds of Winter and the breezes of Summer may play around his lofty station; the bright light of noonday may gild his rough outline and illumine the grassy plains beneath him, or the quiet hour of midnight may settle over these western wilds, and seem to grow quieter still as it spreads its sacred hush above this lonely grave over which he keeps his sleepless vigils; the tourist from the East, and the rough hunter from the West may bow their heads together under his frowning shadow, or the simple Indian repeat his legends and stories, dreaming of his forefathers as he gazes upon

the *White Warrior* on his long watch ; all these may come and go with the waxing and the waning moons, but the Sentinel stands on. As we looked with feelings of awe and suppressed wonder at this silent man, thoughts like these came over us. The sun sank in the West, and his last rays lingered on the summits around this cold and lifeless image ; the stars came out and the moon slanted her beams across the far-reaching prairie, and I seemed to see him yet. Then I thought of the brave men who had fallen under the pitiless skies of the North, or those more fortunate whose resting place is under the kindly heavens of their own loved South : of those grass-grown mounds adorned with glistening marble, and cared for by tender hands—the fond tribute of bereaved hearts ; or those sunken graves where the night dews fall, and the wild bird trills her plaintive note in mourning for the inmates once young and proud. They all have their simple tales, but yon gray and rugged pile tells the grandest tale of all ; and the gallant Louisiana soldier will be forgotten by none who have gazed upon his monument so stately, so lonely, so sublime.

Our journey was swift and the scenery much the same. After riding for two days we reached the mountains which we had seen so long to our right. Then came steep ascents and clambering over abrupt and precipitous mountain-spurs, with vast valleys intervening. The latter presented the most beautiful vision it has ever been my fortune to behold. A stretch of twenty miles of waving green untrodden by the hoof of beast or the foot of man, with the mountains enclosing it all around ; flocks of wild turkeys and herds of deer hovering around the edge of the woods in the distance ; all these we saw from day to day, but no other living being, save at times a party of two or three Indians, visible but a moment as they galloped under cover of the timber. Far up the mountain sides might be seen spots of open space, with deadened trees surrounding them. There

the Redman has his home, free from molestation by the few travellers who traverse these wilds. Anon we crossed the clearest of streams dancing under the overhanging trees, and making one instinctively muse on hooks and lines and glittering trout. This continued from day to day until finally we saw the gleam of the Arkansas in the distance, and left the Indians and their country behind us. Looking back on the fair land over which we had ridden, it was sad to think that all this quiet beauty and peaceful repose must in time give way to the White man and his insatiable desire for dominion. The Indian will soon be a creature of the past, and his memory perpetuated only in the romantic legends which cluster around the hunting grounds of his fathers. Soon his country will be the teeming abode of the laborer and the capitalist, and its primeval beauty remembered only in the fanciful dreams of poets and artists. D.

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### UNDER THE VINE.

It was even-tide ;  
I had wandered wide,  
But seated at length was I,  
Where came thro' the twine  
Of the screening vine  
As glorious echoes to die,  
As e'er were heard from meadow or stream  
In the twilight-gleam of the sky.  
From the distant hills,  
With their glancing rills,  
Came the softened low of the herds,  
And on every breeze  
From the swaying trees  
The musical notes of the birds,  
In grander hymns swept into my soul,  
Than ever were set to words.



I was musing then :  
In the throng of men  
The world is afire and aflame,  
And men that are great  
Contest the estate  
With the mottled minions of Shame, —  
But onward we sweep to the fuller time,  
When the deed with the Right is the same.

The world groweth broader ;  
No fiend or marauder,  
That feaingly tramples her breast,  
But feels in his heart,  
With a tremulous start,  
That the time for such deeds is at rest ;  
And a fuller sun comes up thro' the east,  
That ne'er will go down in the west.

No more will I dream ;  
From the quiet stream,  
And the vine, and the birds, I'll away :  
I'll laugh at the rhyme  
Of the story of time,  
I'll meet the stern prose as I may,  
And sweeping on with the sweeping world,  
I'll live in the great to-day.

R.

## Voice of the Students.

### THE LECTURE ASSOCIATION.

The Lecture Association has secured quite a number of excellent lecturers for the coming winter. Inasmuch as the course is a good one, it is fair to presume that the financial success will be as great as heretofore. Upon this supposition I should like to offer some suggestions with regard to the disbursement of the funds of the Society.

I am aware that the subject is a somewhat delicate one; since any criticism on this point is liable to be *misconstrued* as proceeding from a spirit unfriendly to the Association; or from a desire to cast reflection upon present or former members thereof. I, however, resent such a suspicion, as not only doing me no honor but as utterly unworthy to be entertained by any ingenuous mind. I speak as I do, because I believe the best interests of the College demand it.

It is well known that for the past two years, it has been the custom to divide the yearly net receipts of the Association among the members of the same. This disposition of the funds has always seemed to me unwise, if not unfair; for by it, money which could be applied to some good purpose is foolishly squandered. It does not require extraordinary arithmetical insight to see that if that which is doled out forty or fifty times in amounts of two or three dollars, were taken together, it would form no inconsiderable sum.

The Association has too much the character of a mere financial speculation. It would comport much more with its dignity if its earnings were devoted to some object, of acknowledged importance and of general interest, instead of being spent for the sole benefit of its own members. The majority of the fifty gentlemen who happen to have their names on the roll of the Association receive money for which they have made no adequate return. For their duties are merely nominal. All real labor is performed by a few.

But it is said that all have to share the responsibility and to incur loss in case of a deficit and that they are, therefore, fairly entitled to whatever expenses will leave. Verily the responsibility must be great when gentlemen are quite willing to assume it in consideration of two dollars. The readiness with which they embark in the enterprise is evidence that they have no serious apprehension of loss.

At the same time it is quite possible, that at the end of some year the Association may find itself in debt. It is for just such an exigency that I wish to provide.

Why cannot the profits of any one year be converted into a reserve fund for the next? If this were done there could be no possibility of personal loss. If the profits should continue to accrue from year to year, a fund would be formed which would enable us to give a much superior course of Lectures at much less expense to the students. It is not supposed that the course could be of unvarying excellence from year to year. Still there would be a fund in reserve; so that when such men as Froude, or Tyndall, or Proctor, visit our country it would not be Princeton's shame that she could not afford a series of lectures from them.

Considering the circumstances the course hitherto has been good: but it has been far below what we should like to see it.

Our greatest need now is means. This need our Association can remedy. We hope, hereafter, a more liberal spirit will pervade its counsels.

P.

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### "THE UNIVERSITY CREW."

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In an article which appeared in the last Lit., "J. S.," while attempting to explain the cause of our defeat at Saratoga, assigned reasons which we think were unsubstantial and unwarranted. He made this attempt, not only regardless of the feelings of the crew and the Executive Committee, but he made it at the serious risk of facts and at the sacrifice of good grammar and rhetoric. We think he displays bad taste in recurring to a subject which has been discussed so long and has so often led to unpleasant results.

He at once casts the blame upon the Committee, and at the same time insinuates that some men on the crew, who had acquired a "pretty fancy stroke," did not do their duty. We do not as yet perceive that "J. S." understood what he was attempting to do. We certainly can see nothing *strange* in the fact that a pretty fancy stroke may be effective; nor can we comprehend his meaning when he says that "he does not wish to impugn the action of the Committee," yet he directly accuses them of partiality or ignorance, and indirectly declares that they were a crowd or a clique making their choice from a select few. Where is the consistency in such jargon?

He next attacks the crew alone. His assumption that they sought pleasure at the risk of our reputation was uncharitable, if not entirely groundless. Not content, however, with this serious accusation, he strives to fill their cup of disappointment and chagrin by tantalizing them with the Freshmen's victory, a matter entirely irrelevant to the subject, and totally unnecessary to an open and fair discussion of our defeat.

A few facts in this connection will not be amiss. It will be admitted by every one that it was for a long time a doubtful question whether or not Princeton would be represented at the regatta. Indeed, it was not until after

Christmas that the matter was finally settled. In the time that intervened it was impossible to give sufficient training to those men who were raw and altogether inexperienced. What then could have been more reasonable than that men, "who had rowed before, and thought they knew all about it," should be selected for the crew? No one, we think, can justly accuse any man on our crew of dereliction of duty; no one can justly censure them for disloyalty to our interest or indifference to the trust placed in them. Certainly our defeat cannot be attributed to any lack of exertion on the part of the crew; and "J. S." makes a sad mistake in his virtual allegation. But the unkindest cut of all is the sidelong, covert, ungraceful fling at one, who has had to bear more of unmerited censure than any other, without cause, without the shadow of justice.

The following particulars may exculpate the crew in a great measure from the reproach which many have so unmercifully hurled upon them. In the first place, they found that the quarters which had been prepared for them were very uncomfortable, beside being inconvenient to the race course. The food which they ate was little adapted to rigid training. They had no experienced trainer. The boat in which they practiced was an inferior one. Yet they worked on each day, without faltering, manfully struggling against these serious drawbacks. On the day first appointed for the race, they rowed themselves from their quarters to the starting point, a distance of almost two miles; just as they were nearing the Columbia slip, their boat sank on account of the roughness of the water. Several of them were thoroughly drenched, and as a natural consequence, the next morning they had severe colds. But notwithstanding this, they were all ready and anxious to row at the appointed hour. Finally, when the race did occur, they were compelled to row in the Freshmen's boat. The result is well known. We think the

crew should receive due credit for the honest effort and the unflinching energy which they put forth. If they had had a skilful trainer, comfortable lodgings and wholesome food, they might, and, we are satisfied, would have done better.

In closing we would say, that this article was called forth for the simple purpose of correcting what we considered to be a misjudgment of the action of both the Committee and the crew. We were prompted by a desire of having justice paid to all parties concerned; and we hope that if we are to have any further discussion of this subject, it will be carried on with justice toward all, and with partiality toward none.

YAP.

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### A THIRD SOCIETY.

It is often said that one of the greatest advantages which Princeton possesses over other colleges lies in her Halls. While it is very well known that they surpass all other institutions of the kind in the country, it is equally well known (here at least) that they are the main dependance of the students for acquiring a knowledge of the art of declamation and oratory. It behooves us then, as members of the Halls, and as students, to give our attention to a subject now coming before us.

The question arose last year, when the Scientific School first went into effective operation, and when one of the Halls refused the scientific students admittance to its sacred precincts, as to what action should be taken in regard to said scientific students. The proposition of forming a third society was offered, but no definite conclusion was arrived at. The objection to admitting the scientific students to the Halls is, that they, being purely literary institutions, would not meet the

needs and wishes of those pursuing a scientific course. Some few also urge that the existing societies belong exclusively to the Academic department, and ought not to allow those outside this department to enjoy their privileges.

This second objection we think could hardly be urged with any show of plausibility; for in case Theological and Law departments existed here this objection would not be made. As regards the first objection there is more diversity of opinion, and more can be pleaded in its behalf.

The project of the formation of a third society demands thought; would it be for the best interests of the American Whig and Clissophic societies to create a new society in our midst? I answer unhesitatingly yes, provided certain restrictions are regarded.

In the first place this new society should be purely scientific; its aim and end being the attainment of scientific knowledge whether by experiment, lectures, theses or discussions.

Secondly, let this society be thrown open to all the students of the college in whatever department now exists or shall exist in the future. For many students in the Academic department purpose choosing medicine as a profession, and the advantages of a scientific society can not be afforded them by either of the present Halls. A majority of almost every class also intend studying law, and to these no less than to others would a practical knowledge of chemistry and other sciences be advantageous. And moreover to-day a man of liberal education does not have his learning confined to his own particular branch or trade.

In the third place, I would have the privilege granted to the members of either Hall of at the same time belonging to this third society. There are many men who desire to possess the advantages afforded by the Halls as well as by the scientific society, and who are able and willing to undergo the expense of the two. This meeting on common

ground of the members of Whig and Clio would not, I think, tend to impair in any degree the secrecy of the two ; and it certainly would conduce to a more brotherly feeling between the members.

Now it may be urged that if such an arrangement were made, then many would join the scientific society and neglect the older societies, and thus these societies would be injured. For this reason I would present my fourth proposition.

Allow the scientific students to join either of the Halls they choose. This will be strenuously opposed, but consider: a scientific society will be formed any how ; many of the men now belonging to the Halls will go there in preference if they are only allowed to belong to one, and the scientific students will not be allowed to enter the Halls in order to make up the deficiency.

And you certainly cannot expect the scientific students to admit to their society, those who do not show the same courtesy to them. And in case the scientific students are admitted, it will not change the character of the Halls in the least, so long as there is another society and that scientific.

Princeton will no doubt approach more nearly to a University every year, and when the Scientific School increases, a third society must be formed ; and it were much preferable to throw open the doors of the Halls to the scientific students, and thus obtain the best good for both, than to pursue a course so evidently suicidal to one party, and merely vexatious to the other.

J. L. S.

#### INTER-HALL EXTEMPORE DEBATING CONTESTS.

In the April number of the *LIT.* an enthusiastic *extempore* debater descants at considerable length upon college



oratory and debating. Ostensibly the article has for its object the establishment of an Inter-Hall contest, which its supporter thinks will have the effect of increasing the debating talent among the students. Of the three pages or more devoted to the subject two are almost wholly taken up with the writer's opinion of "bombastic nonsense upon Chapel Stage," "stilted flights of defunct Junior Orators," "*embryo* Junior Orators," "the croakers against oratory," &c., &c. After wading through this medley of high sounding and quite euphonious expressions we at last reach the subject, which, under ordinary circumstances, and in an article so short, we should have looked for at the beginning of the production. With all respect to the writer of this remarkable article, we think his proposition would have met with greater favor had he confined himself more closely to the theme, and indulged less recklessly in characterizing those whose writing and speaking are below his own exalted standard. He undoubtedly displays great facility in the use of the vernacular, but is entirely too hypercritical to leave a lasting impression upon those who know what it is themselves to suffer from a severe case of dyspepsia. We recommend to his attention an article known as "Soothing Syrup," which, although we have never tried it, is said to have proved very efficacious in several cases of members of the *literati* (?) troubled with a similar affliction.

But to the Debating Question. We are told with characteristic complacency by our extempore enthusiast, that "the men of whom we hear most in college are the *debaters*." Indeed! if we are not mistaken our so-called debaters deliver themselves of elaborately prepared orations upon what is misnamed a debating contest. Several months are allowed them to memorize thoroughly their parts, and then we are treated to precisely what we hear in an ordinary speaking contest. Why then should these men occupy more of their fellows' attention than other speakers? But

possibly we do not understand the writer when he speaks of debaters "who can talk forcibly and sensibly at all times." If he refers to the campus wrangler who talks much and says little, we must confess our inability to see why he should be ranked among debaters, unless because of the decidedly "forcible" language which generally characterizes discussions of that sort. "What we advocate" he says further on, "is an Inter-Hall contest in extempore debating." Ah; now we have it; *ex-tem-po-re debating*. A comparatively new phrase to Princeton College contestants for literary honors. The only affair of this sort—if our informant is correct—was held in the Whig Society last spring. It is very possible that the writer of the article before us, may have been present upon that occasion and become thoroughly imbued with the idea, that this species of exercise is "the only reliable criterion by which to test the real merits of the Halls."

It is inexplicable to us that the thousands who have passed through the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies in the last century, should not have realized it before. The only reasonable hypothesis upon which to account for their failure to do so, is that "when young men's faculties are immature, and their knowledge scanty, crude, and imperfectly arranged, if they are prematurely hurried into a habit of fluent elocution, they are likely to retain through life a *careless* facility of pouring forth ill digested thoughts in well turned phrases, and an aversion to cautious reflection."

We commend the above excellent opinion of Archbishop Whately to our debater and all others who are of his opinion. It is applicable to the contest now existing as well as to the new one proposed. At another time we shall give further reasons why the new proposition should not be favorably considered. \*

## Editorial.

One of our Professors of English said the other day, that he had just discovered that the duties required of the students were so great, that they had no time for outside reading. This suggests a question which was agitated somewhat last year, and which we hope is not to be permitted to remain *in statu quo*. We refer to the proposed half-holiday on Wednesday. A half-day a week could be used to the best of advantage, in gaining a knowledge of general literature.

There are other reasons which will suggest themselves to every mind in favor of such a change. Saturday afternoon is positively the only breathing space we have. Sunday can hardly be designated a day of rest. Three compulsory exercises, at one of which you are expected to take notes for future recitation, break up the day so that one has almost no time for rest or meditation: a half-holiday on Wednesday would ease the load incalculably.

The only way by which the desired change can be brought about, is for the students to take the matter actively into their own hands. Let it be thoroughly agitated. Let there be a sentiment created in all classes in its favor. And let the powers that be understand that it is really demanded, and that the students generally feel that such a change would be most conducive to their best good: and it does

not seem to me that our demands could be reasonably overlooked.

It is well enough to note in this connection, that a half-holiday on Wednesday is in vogue at Yale and meets with universal favor. Would their experience were ours!

The improvements now being made on the Campus afford a favorable opportunity for a general discussion of their economy.

The arrangements of the ornamental portions of the Campus and the condition of the walks have provoked no little criticism. A shrewd suspicion exists that the improvements do not at all correspond with the amount of labor and money expended in making them. Hints of mismanagement, and of want of foresight in laying out the grounds, are so rife as to lead us to infer that there is no little dissatisfaction with the usual management of affairs.

The condition of the walks is a fruitful ground of complaint. It is asserted that there is no regular plan in their arrangement. Consequently they are often changed, and the expense thus incurred has been productive of so much grumbling, as to make one think that the students have the interest of the college so much at heart, that it gives them positive pain to see but a single nickel laid out to no purpose. Economy is of course commendable, but unfortunately it is commonly inculcated as advice rather than carried into practical effect. Those who are most savage in their criticism of the financial management of the college, are the very ones most wanton in the destruction of property; most indifferent as to the appearance of buildings and grounds.

Now it must be confessed that in the matter of walks and sodding there has been a great deal of useless expense.

But whose fault is it? Undoubtedly the students are chiefly to be blamed. By a strange perversity, gentlemen will persist in getting off the walks upon the sod. We have noticed that no sooner is any part of the grounds ornamented with more than ordinary care, than it seems to many, necessary to tramp right over such a portion and thus to make it more unsightly than ever.

We have no little sympathy for those who endeavor to beautify the grounds; for their labor though severe, is often in vain. Still, the complaints have not been altogether without foundation. Of our walks, some have been in the wrong place, or rather, but few have been in the right place. Moreover during the fall and winter they are often almost impassable;—are indeed the cause of not a little backsliding. Be good enough Mr. Proctor to mend your ways.

Another matter demands a few words. We feel compelled to call the attention of the authorities to that portion of the *suburbs* lying between Whig and Clio Halls. To say that this district is in a wretched condition is to put the truth mildly. Prompt sanitary precautions are necessary in this quarter. If left in the horrible condition in which it was for the first five or six weeks of the term, it cannot but breed disease.

Passing from the grounds to the buildings, we believe a word spoken in regard to that gentry, college servants, may not be out of place. The eccentricities of these gentlemen have elicited no little remark. The peculiar manner in which they take care of the rooms is not calculated to excite unseemly manifestations of admiration on the part of the occupants. Is it that the servants have too much or too little to do that their work is done in a manner so slovenly? It is only by the exercise of ceaseless vigilance that they can be gotten to do anything decently. This is not at all pleasant; for students, no more than Professors, like to be "police-

men." If the servants must be watched we wish that others than ourselves might do it. Enough by way of room-rent and fees, is certainly paid to secure each man a decent room kept decently and in order.

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When Americans establish a college, the first thing to do is to build "large and commodious" edifices, which shall attract attention by their imposing and ostentatious architecture. If there be any money left a few Professors are secured at beggarly salaries, most often. In Germany they do just the other thing. Professors, and lots of them, are secured first. Let the buildings and other unimportant things come when they can. A new university was established at Strasburg about three years ago. There are already eighty Professors and six hundred students; and no buildings whatever that the institution can call its own. Mr. James Morgan Hart compares at length our way with the German. The American institution which he sets over against Strasburg is Cornell. He instances some of the stupendous mistakes which have characterized that would-be-great university, in its inception and its progress. The utter folly of expending so much wealth in setting those magnificent buildings on that bleak hill-top. "The managers of the university started it in extravagance and then conducted it with the most humiliating parsimony."

But Cornell is not alone. All, or nearly all, of our institutions can tell the same story. Money lavished upon grand architectual displays, while many of the Professors' chairs and the Lecturers' desks are filled not at all, or occupied by respectable mediocres vegetating on meager salaries. But we are optimists, and we believe that the near future will teach us a more excellent way than we at present pursue. We are too self-sufficient just now, however, to learn very much of our superiors.

Prof. Tyndall's recent lecture at Belfast threatens to prove as provocative of answer and discussion as his famous Prayer-test proposition. Already several of our Professors have referred to it incidentally, or dwelt upon it to greater or less extent. Dr. Atwater in his introductory lecture to theoretical ethics—and it was not easy, either—called attention to it, to refute some of its positions. Dr. Shields continued the imaginary discussion between Lucretius and Bishop Butler in magnificent manner, causing the doughty old Bishop—in more beautiful language, however, and more transparent argument, than ever fell from the old Bishop's lips, *in propria persona*—to rise triumphant over that philosopher, whose materialism landed him in the darkness of doubt and despair, the only escape from which was found in suicide.

But Dr. McCosh in his introductory lecture to the Senior class, has given us the fullest exposition of Prof. Tyndall's fallacious course of reasoning. Dr. McCosh characterizes Tyndall as a "mere amateur in Philosophy, however able and skilful he may be in the natural sciences." His treatment of ancient philosophies has been rather that of a special pleader, than one who seeks to learn, without prejudice, the lessons which they have to give. "The impression which Tyndall's lecture conveys is, that the ancients were chiefly materialists, while the fact is, the great leading philosophers of the past were men, who persistently claimed the existence of an intelligent First Cause."

While Tyndall finds in Matter "the promise and potency of every form of life," Dr. McCosh discovers in nature—and the common sense and common beliefs of mankind bear witness to the genuineness of the discovery—Intelligence, Final Cause, Typical Forms, Mind distinct from Matter; and from these high principles, maintains that we have positive knowledge, "so far forth," of an intelligent First Cause—a personal God. We are not shut up to a

contemplation of our ignorance about an unknowable somewhat!

We understand that this lecture of Dr. McCosh will appear, expanded and revised, in an early number of the *International Review*.

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We have a few words to say about the Regatta. It is not our purpose, however, to enter into any extended discussion of so trite a theme. We recur to it simply to correct certain misrepresentations made by the *Harvard Advocate* and *Yale Lit.*, concerning our Freshman victory.

The *Advocate* says "Princeton catching the water first slipped away from Yale and Brown." The italics are our own. It is that statement which we wish to correct. Instead of "Princeton catching the water first," she was the last to do so. When the starter asked if the crews were ready, our men who had not yet gotten their boat into its proper position, answered, No! But the officer not hearing their answer, or disregarding it, gave the signal immediately. The signal took our men by surprise, and they were thrown into temporary confusion. Yale and Brown "slipped away" from them, and it was only by a circuitous course that they brought themselves into line. We desire it to be distinctly understood that our men caught the water last, and then with their boat headed in a wrong direction. We are justly proud of the perfect success of our crew, and we wish the facts to be fully known in order that they may receive their full meed of honor.

Again, the *Yale Lit.* attempts to soften down the rigor of her Freshmen's defeat by urging considerations of a character worthy only of a petty political organ, which proposes for itself the not very agreeable task of drawing



consoling reflections from some very ugly looking returns. It says: "In the last few hundred yards Yale steered miserably. \* \* \* This blunder in steering was the immediate cause of defeat." "Miserable steering" indeed! The fact is, however much she wants to shirk the ignominy of an absolute defeat, Yale was beaten—fairly and squarely beaten. It is childish to attempt to explain away the completeness of their chagrin, by alleging imaginary "miserable steering" as the cause of their defeat. No such considerations will soften the stern facts in the case. Not improper performance of duty on their part, but superior skill on ours, lost the victory for them and won it for us. We sympathize with Yale in the misfortunes which attended her at Saratoga, but our sympathy cannot prevent our demanding justice at her hands for our victorious men.

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Mr. James Morgan Hart in his recent work on German Universities has a very interesting chapter on dueling as practiced at the Universities. He condemns it as an institution most heartily. But he maintains that we Americans connive at things as bad. We quote, page 81: "Dueling, it must be admitted, is an evil. But there are others equally great and much meaner. I refer to 'bazing,' 'rushing,' 'nagging,' and 'smoking out.' These are outrages on all that makes life worth living. They not only invade the sanctity of a private room, but they humiliate the victim at a time when the character is forming and impressions are assuming their final set." In all of which we wish to express our fullest concurrence.

## Olla-podrida.

We are glad this is called Olla-Podrida. It gives us a chance to feel promiscuous—to be promiscuous. How could we be dignified all the time? We have had many a quiet laugh (and some chagrin) while dressing this dainty dish for you, O “gentle reader!” We “tip our tile” most informally as we present it.

CHAPEL.—Sunday, Sept. 27th. — It gave us great pleasure to listen to Prof. Duffield in Chapel once more. It is three years and more since he last officiated. We are rejoiced that his throat difficulty is so far recovered that he is able again to do that which he so much enjoys—speak for his Master. The subject of his sermon was the certainty of death, and the power of Christ to remove from our hearts all dread of the king of terrors. The subject was developed with considerable power. The aim of the sermon seemed to be, to make the listeners feel as if they had “almost gained the brink,” and that there was no fear which need compass them about, if Christ had perfected their trust, and they could know

“That their feet were firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith.”

Dr. Alexander's language, always remarkable for point, contains at times expressions of much beauty. Take this: “We think more of materialists than they do of themselves. They want to pluck from their brows their crown of manhood, and trample it like swine beneath their feet,—but the gems sparkle still!”

Dr. Shields gave the Senior class recently a remarkable lecture on the Christian Evidences. The wonderful beauty of the language in which it was couched, and the triumphant undertone which pervaded it, were equalled only by its successful review of the whole field of Christian Evidences, giving a comprehensive statement of its richness, variety and continuous enlargement. We know of no one who can treat extensive historical or philosophical questions, within the limits of an hour, so clearly and completely, and withal so beautifully, as Dr. Shields.

Dr. McCosh, in a recent issue of the *Evangelist*, has something to say about a Pan-Presbyterian Council. During his visit to Great Britain last summer, he endeavored to discover the sentiment of the various Presbyterian denominations in that country on this question. All seem heartily in favor of the Council proposed. He has also received many communications from Presbyterians of other lands. He proposes "at an early date" to lay his information and suggestions before the different Presbyterian Councils of the United States. This is another step toward church union. May it abundantly succeed.

CARD-PLAYING.—We believe the college laws somewhere forbid card-playing in the dormitories. We do not call attention to this to excite comment among the students, for we understand this law, like the better part—worse part, we mean—of the rest, is a dead letter; but simply to adorn an incident which fell under our notice the other day in the campus.

Two snobs were seated on one of the benches under the trees, intently engaged in that game which the Heathen Chinese did not understand. Now what we wish to say is, that the powers that be, which forbid in students' rooms, what they fail to prevent on the campus manifest some little inconsistency between their theory and practice.

Mr. Goldie and the servants ought to "watch out" for such offenders. Snobs have no right on the campus, to begin with—none which a student is bound to respect, save when they behave themselves properly.

The example of such conduct before the younger members of the college is fraught with unutterable consequences. Of course the older members have reached such a point of maturity and discretion that a sight of this kind would have no influence upon them. But for the sake of the young and inexperienced, those who are susceptible to the bad influence of evil example, all such occurrences as we have noted, ought to be frowned down, and rigorously excluded from the range of their observation. And, in general, we see no good reason why snobs should be allowed to loaf around the campus and hang about the gate, so much, any way. It is not the most agreeable thing in the world to edge your way between them at times.

THAT SNAKE.—The Sophomores amused themselves, and disturbed the recitation in Bible the other day, by carrying a snake into the room. (By the way, we believe it was a serpent that led good mother Eve astray.) The boys not liking to sit in too close proximity to the beast, manifested a tendency to evacuate that part of the room which he occupied, gently whispering to one another, *snake!* So soon as the cause of the disturbance was discovered, the boys were requested to put the "obnoxious animal on the other side of the door." Every body thought the request was directed to himself and the result was, a general stampede toward the snake which was at length secured and put into the hall-way. When the class was dismissed, it was found that the snake had waited in the hall for his class-mates; some of whom took him under their protection and escorted him to the Chapel,

where they showed him a seat in the transept on the Senior side. The Seniors did not like to take their seats. A decided sensation passed through the chapel; the Sophomores feeling as though they had "done something," and the rest joining in on general principles—or lack of them. One bold Senior at length grappled the stranger by the neck, and kept him within bounds during the exercises. The last seen of his snakeship, he was riding off in triumph in the Senior's hat.

Prof. Brackett is at length in his new rooms; second floor of the Scientific building. There are no finer rooms for "Physical conferences"—as the Professor happily styles his lectures—and for physical investigations, in the country. Acoustics at present are being drummed into our ears, soon however light shall break upon our vision.

Professor illustrated the powers of the speaking trumpet before the class, a few days since, by singing the first stanza of "Old Grimes," partly with and partly without an enormous trumpet. The effect was indescribable.

The excellent article by Dr. John Hart in the *Scribner* last Summer, on the mask of Shakespeare, has been the occasion of many letters to the Doctor from the Shakesperian scholars of our own and foreign lands. Extracts from many of these were given to the public recently through a reporter of the *Herald*. All these letters commend the article for its quiet, unassuming sensibility, and the deference which it displays for the opinions of those who think differently from its author.

We have before us a fugitive copy of the North Carolina University Magazine for the year 1844. The prospects of the University were then bright. She had already gained somewhat of distinction, and she indulged in the fondest anticipations with reference to the future. In thirty years she thought to stand among the first colleges of the land. Thirty years have come and gone. Her halls are empty. The glory of Chapel Hill has departed. The ravages of war and the short-sighted policy of the North Carolina Legislature, have both contributed to blast her hopes. "How doth the city sit solitary, that was once full of people!"

We know a Sophomore who says he never copies his essays. Just dashes them right off, you know, and hands them in as they are. He says he never copied but one. On that he got a fearfully high grade; was complimented for his affluence of thought and beauty of diction, and all that. "Mighty fine thing, I tell you; glad I copied it. It was a long one though. It took me a good while. I copied it from a book!"

MUSIC AT THE GYMNASIUM.—We lately had a practical exemplification of the stimulating effects of music. Several young ladies visiting the Gymnasium, entertained the youthful gymnasts with their ecstatic warblings. The effect was electric. Each of the auditors from the worthy Mr. Goldie down to the flabbiest Fresh., gave indications of unwonted liveliness. The feats of strength and skill were too marvellous to obtain credence:—so we shall not

compromise our reputation for truthfulness by a narration of them. The experiment, however, was successful—hope it will be repeated.

The elective astronomy class is unusually large this year. During vacation the comet furnished evening strollers with a convenient topic of conversation. Many of the young gentlemen found, to their chagrin, that they were much inferior to their fair companions in knowledge pertaining to the heavenly bodies. With a resolution that is invincible they have set to work to remedy this defect, and are determined that they will not "cease from their labors" until they can do what a certain well-known gentleman from Delaware could not do—point out the polar star. May success attend them.

AN OMEN.—One of the most auspicious omens for the future welfare of our college is the fact that graduates are everywhere awakening to new interest in their *Alma Mater*. In most of our important cities, Alumni Associations have been formed; and Pittsburg now adds one more to the already long list. During the Summer the Association held its first annual supper, at which the organization was completed by the election of the following officers:

President—Melancthon W. Jacobus, D.D., LL.D., '34.

Vice President—S. Jacobus, '66.

Secretary—Ellis, '73.

Treasurer—Lewis, '74.

Executive Committee—Rea, '75, O'Neil, '77.

OUR GYMNAST.—It gives us no little satisfaction to announce that Mr. Goldie, our instructor in gymnastics, is the champion athlete of the United States and the Canadas. The championship has been held by him for several years, but only on condition that he should surpass all competitors. On July 4th last at the games at Auburn, N. Y., he was again victorious and is now champion for life. The medal presented him on that occasion is a very beautiful one; but not too much so to be out of place on the person of its wearer. Mr. Goldie has expressed his intention of taking part in no more games, but will rest upon the laurels which he has so arduously won.

MONGREL SIR.—Scene, the Greek room. *Dramatis Personæ*, Mr. S., a Sophomore of some distinction in certain directions, and our worthy Prof. Mr. S. is called upon to recite. He is directed to "please to read the Greek, sir." With the utmost self-possession, and oblivious of the fact that he is attracting attention, he proceeds to pronounce the sentences of Demosthenes in a most miscellaneous manner. He is not to be restricted by the canons of continental or English pronunciation, while accent and quantity are of doubtful importance to his mind. At length the Professor, whose cultivated ear has been considerably shocked, puts an end to the exercise by demanding in tones intended to annihilate the Sophomore's previous notions of Greek orthoepy,

"What pronunciation do you employ, sir?"

Mr. S. (modestly.) "Mongrel, if you please, sir!"

The boys came down. The speech which the Professor was on the point of delivering on Greek vowels, accent, etc, evaporated in the confusion, and order was at length restored by the familiar words:

"Please to translate, sir!"

They tell a good joke on the Juniors. A gentleman came in September to enter college. He didn't know what class he should go into—going into any one he could. He was evidently bent on going clear through college. He entered each of the three lower classes within ten days. He honored the Freshman and Sophomore seats with his presence for a few days each, and now he is a full-fledged Junior. Whether he intends to try for the Senior Class right off we cannot say. It is rumored, however, that he is to graduate next week. But the joke on the Juniors:—oh, yes. They hazed him, hazed him fearfully you see—a member of their own class. We always knew that '76 men were peculiar. But we supposed they had their Freshman swaddling-clothes off at least by this time. We didn't suppose even they could be guilty of such verdant freshness as to haze a man of their own class, or before they knew what class he belonged to.

A certain Freshman on returning to his room, found a strange object hanging on his door-knob. Dark forebodings of Sophomoric impositions entered the young man's heart. But, goodness! He was enough for all the Sophomores! Think he'd touch that! Guess they didn't know him! And so with as little delay as was consistent with his injured feelings, the Freshman detached the object from its hangings, and with one or two vigorous kicks—such as the feet of unsophisticated Freshmen alone know how to give—sent it flying down the stairs and into the campus. And then he entered his room and lapsed into profound meditation on

"Ways that are dark  
And tricks that are vain,"

which was at length interrupted by some one knocking at his door. He opened it and, *voilà!* the object of his kicks, in a fearfully collapsed and unclean condition, on the arm of a strange visitor, who threw cold water on the Freshman's rising indignation by saying: "Excuse me, sir. Your clothes-bag. I found it below, you see. The fellows have been using it for a football, I reckon, by its looks!" He was gone. The Freshman, "quite chop-fallen," meditated once more.

AN ADMONITION.—Out of pure benevolence we would advise the precocious inmate of room No. — East, to refrain from the exhibitions with which he, not unfrequently favors his neighbors. The gentleman is a devotee of Terpsichore. We, of course, do not object to that, but we do wish he would perform the rites of his religion in some other place than the public entry. We object not only to his unedifying din but also to his decidedly apparitional appearance. His costume might become an Ashantee; but is hardly suitable to our climate and surroundings.

At a meeting of the students held in June last the following preamble and resolutions in regard to the destruction of college property were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has come to the knowledge of the students that certain of their number secretly entered Geological Hall and there maliciously destroyed certain valuable property ; and

WHEREAS, It is further known that part of the property in question was the gift of one of our benefactors, through whose instrumentality the usefulness of the college has been increased by the addition of a museum of Natural History ; and

WHEREAS, If this spirit of vandalism is allowed to continue it will inevitably prejudice those against us, who have done so much to place the institution among the first of American colleges ; therefore

*Resolved*, That we the students of the *College of New Jersey* in mass meeting assembled, recognizing the high place occupied by the institution and desiring to discountenance everything calculated to impair its usefulness and honor, hereby express our unqualified condemnation of each and every act of destruction of college property, and call upon all true sons of Princeton to use their individual efforts in the same direction.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

L. KARGE,  
S. M. MILLER,  
G. W. GALLAGHER,  
H. E. DAVIS,  
J. D. O'NEIL,

Committee.

At a recent meeting of the Clisosophic Society, the following resolutions touching the death of Mr. Richard Canfield, were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his all-wise providence to remove from our number our esteemed fellow member, Richard Canfield ; therefore

*Resolved I.* That we recognize the hand of our Heavenly Father in this our affliction.

*Resolved II.* That in his death the Clisosophic Society has lost an esteemed and faithful member.

*Resolved III.* That we extend to his relatives our sincere sympathy in this their bereavement.

*Resolved IV.* That a copy of these resolution be sent to his family and be published in the *Nassau Literary Magazine* and in the *Princeton Press*.

CHARLES N. FROST,  
WM. H. GRUNDY,  
A. VAN DEUSEN,

Committee.

Mr. Notman has been in town the past month taking the "counterfeit presentments" of "the '75 class," as he calls it. The usual groups have been taken. No one is "taken in" however who patronizes this gentleman. He is really an artist. We do not suppose he has a superior on the continent. He takes the pictures for Yale and Dartmouth, and perhaps Harvard this year.

One of our Professors has been having a little exercise in polemics recently. His review of Prof. Swing was denominated a search after Heresy by "Presbyter," who proceeded to criticise it. This demanded an answer, and so the matter kept swinging back and forth for a time.

We dislike to speak of it, but really we know no other way. It seems all to come along in natural order. So soon as a class has sloughed the name Freshman, and come into the pride of Sophomoric sufficiency, it seems to be infused with irreverent and impious emotions, which will come to the surface once in a while, we are ashamed to say, in disturbing our chapel worship. There is nothing cunning nor witty in such actions, gentlemen. You are following precedent to be sure. But away with it. Be a law to yourselves. Do not bring your boyish feelings into the Chapel. Of all places, there they are out of place.

The Philadelphian Society.—At the last election the following gentlemen were chosen for the ensuing term of office:

President—A. M. Dulles, '75.

Corresponding Secretary—W. V. Louderbough, '75.

Recording Secretary—L. W. Lott, '76.

Treasurer—A. Van Deusen, '76.

Librarian—A. T. Ormond, '77.

We are glad to say that the society was never in a more prosperous condition than now. It has been literally rejuvenated in its old age; for the time-honored constitution with many of its obsolete ordinances has been supplanted by the new, or rather what was good in the old has been retained and supplemented.

The following are the more prominent features of the constitution as revised: 1. Associate members. By a provision of the new constitution all students of good character may become associate members; may contribute to the support of the society and have the use of its library and reading room, but have no vote. 2. Meetings. Every alternate Saturday evening is to be a business meeting at which the roll is to be called; the intermediate evenings to be devoted exclusively to religious exercises. 3. Officers. The only change here is in the appointment of a corresponding secretary, who will take the place of committee on religion in other colleges. Officers are to be elected every eight weeks.

The credit for these changes belongs principally to '74. It was a gentleman of that class who first suggested the idea and proposed the plan of the present constitution. Yet no little praise is due to the gentlemen through whose influence it was finally brought before, and adopted by the society. Theirs was a hard task but it has been faithfully performed.

**CAPTURE OF A THIEF:**—Not long ago a thief entered the house of Professor Kargé and took therefrom a cloak hanging in the hall.



Shortly afterwards the theft was discovered, and the Professor laying aside the habits of the student, and assuming those of the general, started upon a campaign for his lost cloak.

He took up his line of march along the road leading to the boat house, but coming to a piece of woods, he concluded to station himself in it and await his enemy. Soon the enemy was discovered foraging upon hickory nuts. The General advanced and he of the cloak gracefully retired. But the former was too much of a soldier to let the culprit slip. He went in hot pursuit, and after no little maneuvering, succeeded in flanking his victim, who was brought to a stop by a stentorian "Halt!" At the command "Right about face!" he turned and disclosed the cloak nicely tucked away under his coat. But there was no time for parley;—"Forward, march!" was the order; as retreat was impossible, the thief marched; marched right into camp, bearing all the while the evidence of his guilt. He is now luxuriating on Trenton fare and is negotiating with Time for release from prison. And this is an account of the general's fight in the "wilderness."

It is with unfeigned regret that we are called upon to notice the severe illness with typhoid fever of our Proctor, Mr. Matthew Goldie. The Fresh. might well sing, on the night of their fire: "We shall meet, but we shall miss him." We, however, now join with them in congratulating Mr. Goldie on his convalescence.

At a Democratic mass-meeting at Hopewell the 24th ult., Mr. Dudley G. Wooten of the Senior class addressed the assembled throng on the condition of the South. Several Honorable gentlemen spoke on the same occasion, but none of them made such a "tear" as our brilliant classmate. Quite a number of students was in attendance, and they astonished the natives by their enthusiastic three cheers and a Rocket at the beginning and end of Mr. Wooten's speech.

Space does not permit us to speak of all the incidents of the afternoon; how eloquently we looked up to the bright faces in the Seminary windows; how energetically we gave them the "Rocket" as we came by. Nor can we speak of the ride home in the early evening, enlivened by songs, and cheered by Murray's apples. It was an experience long to be remembered.

THE ECLIPSE.—The moon was the "observed of all observers" in the wee sma' hours, Sunday morning, the 25th ult. Many of the students gathered at Dr. Alexander's private observatory, to see through the spy-glass how she looked when she became invisible. Notwithstanding the dense fog, the sight was quite satisfactory. We watched her until she was completely veiled in gloom, and the stars peeped forth, and then waited in the sombre silence until her "silver prow" emerged from the shadow once more, and continued her course slowly but proudly down the west. As we returned to our room, two sheeted figures, bearing mysterious articles in their hands, met us; minding us that it was the "very witching time of night."

One moon-faced student at the observatory seemed to have suffered a total eclipse as to politeness. Tho' requested and urged several times by the Doctor not to enter the observatory, for fear of disarranging the instruments, he still persisted, we blush to add, in crowding his way in, whenever the door was open, much to the annoyance of the Doctor and the disgust of the bystanders.

**POLITICS.**—The staunch adherents of Democratic principles assembled Oct. 16th, and nominated a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor to represent them in the college campaign.

Mr. O. E. Fleming of the Senior Class was called to the chair; and in taking it made a very neat and thoroughly characteristic address. The meeting then proceeded to the nomination, which resulted in the choice of Mr. Dudley G. Wooten, of Texas, for Governor, and Mr. Warren J. Woodward, of Pennsylvania, for Lieutenant-Governor.

The Executive Committee are Messrs. W. S. Miller and E. W. Greenough, of the class of '75, Pugh of '76, Laughlin of '77 and Galt of '78.

After the business was done, the nominee for Governor was called upon for a speech. He responded in a most happy manner; his exposition of the principles of Democracy was most lucid, his illustrations of the truths he sought to impress were most striking, his appeals most inspiring.

The meeting adjourned amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

A few days later the Republicans held a similar meeting for the same purpose. This meeting, less enthusiastic than that of the Democracy, was nevertheless pervaded by a spirit which bespoke invincible determination and high resolve. All of its proceedings comported with its dignity and importance. Mr. James Pennewill of '75, being invited to take the chair, bowed his thanks and proceeded to business. Mr. A. Van Deusen of '76, was made secretary. Messrs. Hutchinson, '75, Rea, '75 and Robinson, '76, were made the committee on platform.

The nominee for Governor was Mr. Ladislav Kargè, of N. J., Lieutenant-Governor, Leonard W. Lott, of N. J.

An Executive Committee consisting of Messrs. Hutchinson, '75, Rea, '75, Robinson, '76, Dunning, '77, and Townsend, '78, was appointed to confer with the Democratic Executive Committee.

The nominee Mr. Kargè was on account of sickness unable to be present; and great was the disappointment that he was not on hand to stimulate with his ready eloquence and to convince with his crowding arguments. Notwithstanding this somewhat unfavorable beginning the present ticket will doubtless poll as large a vote as is usual for those representing the Republican faith. It was with such a conviction that the meeting adjourned.

**AN ACCIDENT.**—Two funny fellows went down upon the mighty deep in their little four-oared shell. They rowed and spurted in a way most wondrous to see. The fowls of the air above, the beasts of the earth beneath and

the fishes in the waters under the earth did gaze in gaping admiration upon their fantastic tricks. The youths were delighted; they were attracting attention. But at this happy juncture two canal boats coming in opposite directions, collided and one of them went straight for the tender sides of that four-oared shell. The youths were dismayed. A crow upon the nearest tree croaked its derision, a donkey in the neighboring field brayed his satisfaction, a black bass ogling them from beneath, sang:

\* \* \* Thus fishes first to shipping did impart  
Their tail the rudder and their head the prow.

The youths a little later might have been seen *Cummin* home in a *Brown* study.

VENTILATION.—An art lost (or never acquired) by the Sexton of the First Presbyterian Church.

"Smike" has appeared in the character of a reformer. He is alarmed at the prevailing tendency to indulge in personal ablutions. He thinks of dispensing with them and of spending the time thus saved in the perusal of the Almanac, or some other work of acknowledged worth. So much for a vicious education. We think "Squeers" ought to be held responsible for that boy's vagaries.

*Pena* has at last overtaken our campus orangeman. The youth had engaged in some mild peculations,—was "sniped" before the Princeton Star Chamber. "Judge" Woodward's eloquence and "Johuny" Rayburn's tears were of no avail. And now poor Tim is held in durance vile.

We were pained to hear of the unfortunate termination of what promised to be a happy occasion. A prominent member of '76 was out riding. An accident happened by which both himself and his fair companion were seriously injured. Their recovery is quite complete however now.

A Sophomore was showing his books to a gaping Freshman, who had just entered. At length he took down a Greek Testament, and explained that we read in that every Monday. Open-eyes much interested, scrutinized the book curiously, asked if that was the edition used in college, and finally said: "Let's see, who was the author of the Greek Testament?" The Sophomore pityingly informed him; whereupon he remarked: "Oh, yes; I knew I'd heard!"

Scene in the Latin Recitation. Prof. P. calls on Mr. Mead to recite. Mr. M. (who occupies the next seat) jumps up: "Mr. Mead is not here, Prof. Please, shall I recite?" Prof. P. (smiling) "you may." The Sophs grin audibly.

That oration which met with such brilliant success on the J. O. stage was repeated with great eclat from a picnic platform. The sand-hills and peach-trees of Delaware have heard the moving story of a nation's ingratitude. But still, stand still!

The number of examples which the Sophomores had one day, was two, which explains the following:

Prof. D. "Mr. M., did you solve the problems assigned?"

Mr. M. (not expecting to be called on; confusedly,) "Ye-es sir. The most of them,—all but the last one!"

Prof. smiled; the fellows came down; and Mr. M. developed a decided case of the "grins."

A Junior in Juvenal, the other day, rendered "Profer, Galla, caput!" "Hheads out, old girl!"

A Senior was asked the other day if he took Greek this year. His answer was characteristic:

"No, haven't studied Greek for two years. Don't believe I could even conjugate *bonus*—that is Greek, isn't it?"

Princeton has long afforded unsurpassed facilities for the study of the Classics. For the benefit of the incredulous, we give the following example of the proficiency of one who has long enjoyed her advantages. The gentleman referred to translated the words, "*Flebilis multis bonis occidit*:" "Boned by many flea bites he died."

We understand that the eminent lecturer, Dr. Geo. Macloskie, of Belfast, has been elected to fill the chair of Natural History in our college. We bespeak a cordial greeting for the distinguished foreigner.

A Sophomore advertises Zenophon's Anabasis.

While Hazard and Little were exerting their powers over that little cane, a member of the Scientific School excited the risibles of the bystanders by remarking, "that is a *hazardous, little game*!"

The *Cornell Era* in referring to Hart's German Universities, spells the author's name Hartt. This is inexcusable in the journal of an institution, at which this gentleman was once professor.

The *Tribune* reporter of Dr. McCosh's lecture to the Senior Class makes a ridiculous blunder. It shows his lamentable ignorance of Greek. He speaks of "Noces the Greek term for mind!" *Nous* my dear fellow, *nous* is what they called it.

Rev. Dr. Upson, formerly professor at Hamilton, and Prof. Sprague, of Brooklyn, it has transpired, are the candidates for the chair of English, which our friend Dr. Hart is soon to vacate.

It will afford his numerous friends great pleasure to learn that Mr. Allan Marquand of the class of '74 has secured the appointment of essayist at the inter-collegiate contest. Mr. Marquand is a thoroughly cultured, scholarly gentleman and will no doubt, do honor to his Alma Mater upon that great occasion.

The Freshman entrance prize has been awarded to Mr. R. A. Mayo. This is a good beginning for the young gentleman and we hope like success will attend him throughout his college course.

Barnum's travelling humbug was in town the 17th. Of course we went. The animals were just as curious. the Fijis just as harmless, the fat woman just as fat, the riding just as wonderful, and the clowns just as ridiculously flat and simple and just as lacking in originality as ever. We gaped, we laughed, just for the sake of laughing. We pretended to be pleased, trying to banish the consciousness of being "roped in," and so the evening passed in "babble and revel" and other nonsense.

We have received a letter from Mr. Chas. F. Whittlesey calling our attention to an error in our last issue. We credited the English Literature prize to him. Mr. DeLancy Nicoll, N. Y., received this honor. We cannot imagine how we happened to make the mistake, as Mr. Whittlesey did not even enter the contest for the prize.

A Freshman being asked if he had a chum, innocently asked: "Chum? What's a chum?"

At the Senior debating contest in Whig Hall, Mr. A. M. Dulles, of Philadelphia, carried off the first medal, and Mr. S. M. Miller, of the same city, the second.

We had a fine peep at Saturn the evening of the 26th ult.

Mr. Wooten addressed a large meeting at Trenton a day or so after he took the "stump" at Hopewell.

Jacobus president of '77 again this year. No man in the class more popular.

Emory president of '78.

Catalogue almost ready.

What about the new chapel?

The Glee-club is to delight the good people of Freehold, Nov. 14, with its exquisite music.

Rev. Dr. Robinson of N. Y. City opened the sermon course before the Seminary, Oct. 11, by an eloquent sermon on salvation by grace.

BASE BALL:—Notwithstanding her misfortunes during the summer, Princeton's interest in her favorite game has in no wise abated. There is manifested a quiet determination to atone for past failures, and to regain lost honors.

Since its reorganization the University nine have been practicing as much as was possible in this the wettest of wet seasons. Judging from what can thus be seen of them, the nine is composed of as good men as can at present be selected.

The loss of the old members is severely felt and it is the general sentiment of the College, that untiring practice will be necessary to make the present equal to our nine of last year. It is quite possible that future developments may necessitate changes in its present organization.

It is with satisfaction that we note the marked improvement in the playing of the old members. They are well able to sustain and to surpass their past creditable record. We deem it but fair, however, to state that considerable criticism has been indulged in, with regard to the way in which practicing is carried on. Complaints have been made, of the slovenly, indolent and careless manner in which the members of the nine conduct themselves in the field-practice. Owing to the careless manner of practicing the nine are disqualified for the sharp fielding and heavy batting necessary in every match game. Notwithstanding this criticism we feel assured that the nine will do their duty, and we would also call attention to the fact, that they have had but little opportunity as yet to show what they are made of.

The first game of this term was played, Sept. 26, with the Staten Island nine, and resulted in the defeat of the University. The game was published to be called at 3 P. M., but the visiting nine failing to put in an appearance at the appointed time, occasioned a delay of an hour and a half. When, finally, the game was called, it was with the University at the bat. They were speedily retired, not making a run. The Islanders came in, and by errors on our part succeeded in scoring two runs. The rest of the game was played by both sides with considerable skill. The smallness of the score is to be attributed, however, to indifferent batting rather than to sharp fielding. An episode was the interesting osculatory performance in which Bradford and the second baseman of the opposing nine unintentionally took part. At the ending of the sixth inning darkness put a "short stop" to further play. Appended is the score:

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6.
Princeton.	0	1	1	0	0	1-3.
Staten Island.	2	0	1	1	2	0-3.

Time of game, 1 h. 30 m. Umpire—Mr. Dunning, '76. 1st Base on Errors—S. I. 8. P. 5. Earned runs—S. I. 0. P. 0.

Sept. 24, the '77 class nine played the Pastime club of Princeton, defeating them by a score of 15 to 9.

Saturday, Oct. 3, Princeton Preparatory school nine played the Rutgers Preps. Owing to their pitcher, Gibson, being disabled the Princeton boys were defeated in ten innings by a score of 32 to 20.

On the same day the class nine of '77 visited New Brunswick, and there defeated the Rutgers college nine by a score of 17 to 10.

The game was witnessed by a large concourse of people and was an exciting one throughout, as it was characterized by some heavy batting and several sharp fielding plays. Mr. Jacobus while catching was severely injured in the hand, the Rutgers catcher also received a blow on the head. The day seemed one of casualties as several of the bystanders were struck. The game was called at the end of the 6th inning on account of the darkness. '77 are playing a very good game and by their continual practice are fast arriving at such a state of base ball perfection, that '76 will do well to retain her laurels.

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6.
R. U.		2	0	1	4	0	3-10.
'77.		4	3	6	2	0	2-17.

Oct. 10. A very interesting game was played between the class nine of '77 of Princeton and the class nine '77 of LaFayette.

The game was called at three o'clock and at first promised to be an unusually exciting one. The grounds, however, were in so wretched a condition that it was impossible for either nine to appear to advantage. Certainly, at least, our own nine not, for their playing was far below average excellence. An exception must be made in favor of Jacobus' playing behind the bat; it was a model display. Of the visitors, the short stop made a brilliant play, taking with one hand, a hot liner. Their positions of 1st base and of catcher were also well filled. Game ended at close of the eighth inning, Princeton winning by a score of 8 to 2.

On Saturday, Oct. 17th, the '77 nine played the LaFayette boys a return game. A gentleman of the Sophomore class kindly furnished us with a full account of the trip of the nine to Easton, and of the royal reception which awaited them there. Want of space prevents our inserting the entire communication, but we make an extract of those items which are most interesting to our readers.

\* \* \* Princeton lost the toss, and Laughlin opened the game by retiring at first, Jacobus followed suit and Campbell went out on a fly. Easton placed two men on bases, but were retired without scoring. \* \* \* The third inning was Princeton's best; five runs being added to their score, while LaFayette through two brilliant plays by Laughlin to Campbell and Campbell to Kaufman, drew a blank. In the fifth inning LaFayette by safe batt ng run their score up to ten. LaFayette was now two ahead, but Smith decided the fortunes of the day by making a magnificent hit by means of which two runs were scored, to which one more being added, a hard-earned victory was secured for the Princeton Boys." Appended is the score:

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,		0	3	5	0	0	0	3	0	0-11.
LaFayette,		0	1	0	6	3	0	0	0	0-10.

Umpire—J. B. Heeler, '74 LaFayette.

On the same day a picked nine played the Trentons of Trenton, on the Princeton grounds, defeating them by a score of 12 to 6.

Oct. 20, '76 vs. '78. '76, 19 runs, '78, 6.

Oct. 21. A game was played by the Freshman nine of Easton with our Freshman nine, on the Princeton grounds. It resulted in an easy victory for the latter by a score of 20 to 2.

Our game with the Fly Aways Oct. 22, was one of the most brilliant displays of ball playing ever seen upon our grounds. The gratification of the students at the excellent playing of the nine was equalled only by the astonishment of our visitors.

They, no more than we, anticipated the result. In fact they rather hesitated to entertain a challenge from a nine so inferior as ours was said to be, while we had the dismal prospect of receiving another drubbing from mere *amateurs*. But when the game opened it was found that our forebodings of defeat and their anticipations of victory were alike groundless. There was scarcely a point at which the University nine did not show their superiority. In both batting and fielding they far excelled their rivals. With Mann's splendid pitching, with Bruyere's playing upon first and Jacobus' upon third, it was rarely that a Fly Away could make his base. It was only in the ninth inning, when the game was really won that the Fly Aways scored runs.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	6	0—10.
Fly Aways,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3.

Umpire—Dunning of Princeton.

The day following the University played the Philadelphias. This game was not played even with usual skill on the part of our nine. Laughlin was off and in supplying his place it was necessary that the positions of several players should be shifted, so that they were put into positions to which they were unaccustomed. Mann's batting and Denny's catching were the features of the game. The former never failed to earn his first, and frequently made his second base. Denny had but one pass ball.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Philadelphias,	0	2	3	4	0	0	2	1	0—12.
Princeton,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0—2.

Umpire—Dunning of Princeton.

CRICKET.—An era in athletic sports was ushered in by the cricket match which was played, Saturday, Oct. 24, between the Nassau cricket club and the second eleven of the Merion, of Philadelphia.

For several weeks the cricketers had been quietly but faithfully practicing, and when finally they gave an exhibition of their progress, it was with no little credit to themselves and the college. Although the game is one with which most of the students are unacquainted, yet they manifested much interest in the success of the eleven; especially as the eleven excited no expectation which they did not amply fulfil. Two innings were played. At the end of the first, the score stood 50 to 49 in favor of the Merions, but the second inning our men did splendid work, astonishing even the most confident. They made 70 against 37 by the Merions. This gave our men the game by a score of 119 to 87. We congratulate the eleven on their success, and hope that a greater degree of interest may be awakened among the students in this fine old game.

FOOT BALL:—On Thursday, Oct. 15, '76 vs. '78 marshalled their twenties for the first inter-class game of the season. Tho' '78 played unusually well for Freshmen, they were seven times vanquished by their better trained foes.



Oct. 20. '75 "got away" with '77 in five straight games. Neither class, however, had its regular twenty.

There has been a good deal of playing, but few games of general interest. The only casualty so far of which we have heard, happened the 24th. Mr. F. Alexander, '75, seriously injured one of his hands.

Mr. J. H. Lionberger has been elected captain of both the Senior class twenty and the University twenty. Both twenties are to be congratulated on their choice. C. Denny is captain of the Junior, and F. Hartley of the Sophomore twenty.

BOATING:—We have little news upon this topic. Captain Nicoll is busy training men for the University crew. They are daily upon the water. The Senior class crew and the Pagodas are practicing occasionally. The race between the two latter, has been indefinitely postponed. The Freshman have twelve men in training. At a recent meeting of the class it was determined to purchase a barge. The amount requisite was readily raised by subscription. The interest in boating throughout the college is great.

#### EXCHANGES.

We have received since our last issue the following exchanges:

*The Hamilton Lit., The Yale Lit., The Dartmouth, The Owl, The Cornell Review, Alabama University Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Magenta, Yale Record, Conant, Bowdoin Orient, Cornell Era, Oberlin Review, Syracuse University Herald, Marietta Olio, Racine Mercury, The Philomathean, The New York School Journal, Irving Union, Bates Student, Normal Monthly, Beloit Monthly, College Spectator, School Budget, Transcript, Williams Athenaeum, Iona Classic, Trinity Tablet.*

The *Oberlin Review* is not the choicest specimen of college literature with which we are acquainted. One of its contributors considers it to be a "law of the mind" that accordingly as the "intellectual powers" develop, the "imaginative" are weakened. Consequently the present age, though it may admire, is too intellectual to appreciate Homer, Shakespeare and Milton.

We suppose, then, that Lord Derby and Wm. Cullen Bryant, although their translations of Homer are of surpassing excellence, failed, however, to "appreciate him." Indeed!

Was Shakespeare better appreciated two centuries ago than he is now? Was Milton's poverty an index of the appreciation in which he was held by his contemporaries? If so, we hope the *Review* may never be appreciated.

The *Bates Student* comes to us recommended by its modesty and worth.

We most heartily concur with the editors in the opinion that college journals should be allowed free and fearless expression of opinion—that they should be at liberty to criticise the action of both faculty and students, provided that in both cases the criticism be courteous and just.

The articles in the *Marietta Olio* for Sept., have a decidedly youthful air. The heavy article is a composition on Originality. It starts out with the exceedingly original and *naïve* assertion: "Among the many qualities, both innate and acquired by man, the one to which many are subjected is originality." The whole effort is one continued outburst of just such refreshing truths!

The Syracuse Sophs. have broken the shackles of tradition. They allow the Freshmen to sport "stove-pipes," unmolested. The Cornell Sophomores are pursuing the same course. Encouraging signs of the times!

Harvard is making a strong effort to do away with that "relic of barbarism"—hazing.

Attendance upon recitations is optional with the Seniors at Harvard this year. This is a step in the right direction. We shall watch the experiment with interest.

We congratulate Rutgers on the recent munificence of a New Brunswickian. One thousand dollars have been given to the College, to found three prizes; and, rejoice, Oh ye shades of Webster and Lindley Murray! the first is to be for spelling and English grammar! This throws light on that story we used to hear about a Senior, who asked on examination whether you spelled Constantinople with a small *k* or capital *Q*. Rutgers was probably his *alma mater*!

Oberlin College is in sore difficulty. It appears that ladies pursuing the same course as gentlemen—with an exception in favor of the ladies, of Latin—cannot, like them, become Bachelors (of Science.) So they have unreasonably petitioned the Faculty. The Faculty are perplexed. What can they do? They know of no educational process by which maidens may become bachelors. Why don't they establish a "school of matrimony?" We believe it would effectually allay the present discontent.

The articles in the *Yale Lit.* for October are certainly not remarkable for profoundness. The poetry is, however, excellent. There is a desperate discussion on Swearing. The author dwells upon the "delicate aroma of an oath" with impious delight and irreverent satisfaction. The thoughts on Latin are sensible. The author is happy in his illustration of Greek particles: "Imagine a man nowadays," he says, "meeting his friend and beginning, 'Good morning, Jim, accordingly, ever, even now, still,' and perhaps proceeding, 'Young Sam Simons will be Sam Simons when Old Sam Simons is gone.'"

[Lack of space has cut short our notices of Exchanges, and excluded all Personals.—Eds.]